

CONGRATULATORY ⁴⁴
POEM,

To the High and Mighty
CZAR of Muscovy,
On his Arrival in ENGLAND
On Tuesday the 11th. of this Instant January, 1698.

WELCOME, Great MONARCH, to our happy Shore
Proud of a Glory ne'er known here before.
What working Transports must Brave *Britain* shew
Blest with the PEACE, the Great NASSAW, and You
A Peace, the greatest Gift from Heaven can Flow
And You, the greatest Men, the World can Show
What thronging JOYS our Smiling Lands Invade?
At once so Happy, and so Glorious Made.
You two, the Twins of Fate, whose powerful Work
Subdues both MAHOMET, and the Christian TURK;
Go on, Great SIR, pursue thy great Design
May thy Great SOUL in equal Conquests Shine.
Thy Glist'ning Sabre on proud *Asia* Gleams,
Dazzling the Frighted TARTERS by its Beams;
Its Conquering Steel shall to the *East* give Law,
Whilst NASSAW's Scepter keeps the *West* in Awe.
Christ's firmest Pillars, and the Christians Prop
To keep the sinking Church, and Gospel Up;
Thy Name makes ROME reflect on Heroes Slain,
And dread the Northern Nations once Again,
Thy Martial North, the Load-stone of the War
Attracting shining Steel, and Arms, Afar;
A moderate Warmth the Births of Peace Unfold,
But Glorious War, is Hatch'd and Nurs'd by Cold.
But what the Sun does to thy Lands Deny,
Is by a Native Heat supply'd in Thee,
An active Heat, which does the World Survey,
And by its Beams, gilds *Britain* in the Way,
Like Travelling *Phabus* round the World you Run,
And thus Compel the *East* t'adore the Rising Sun.
May Roman Conquests be out done by Thee
And CZAR to more than CÆSAR then extended Be.